The Unkind WOMAN

O was I born to be tormented ſo,
By one that wont hold me nor yet me go,
She has a tongue to deceive while her mind decline to ſob,
She bids me begone ſhe'll not have me to love

I watch'd at her window both early and late
And when ſhe looks down ſhe makes my heart to ach,
She looks with a frown enough for to kill,
She has wounded my heart and I muſt love her ſtill,

Come take theſe laſt lines that e'er I ſhall write,
Let her ſend me an anſwer or kill me downright.
Come take theſe laſt lines and for ever bid adieu,
Farewell and remember the fault lies in you

Give her theſe lines you ſweet powers above
And let her to know what it is to love,
And let her to know it's a tormenting pain
what it is for to lave and not to be lov'd again,